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on medicine, hygiene and birth control, and thus won abiding affection and respect from those among whom they worked. But all that was unable to do was a mere fraction of what needed to be done. The task of self-help which they tried to execute was continually frustrated by caste jealousies, by feuds among leading families, by bitter grudges resulting from unemployment, by the lack of any tradition of organization. The machinery of the State functioned feebly, and everything there hung, like a millstone, on the blight of seemingly hopeless poverty. Yet in spite of the weakness of the whole picture, the way in which they carried away from their experiences was not one of defeat but of opportunity.

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The story of Cyprus is the grimest of the three and has lately shown some signs of resuscitation. Behind the hostilities on the island lurks the possibility of a war between Greece and Turkey. Though a state of emergency was not de-

includes other obvious factors such as that governments must determine to defeat unjust and convince the people that they will protect their supporters. However, well worth while to point out that there must be financial and technical advice, and the price of such advice is not too high.

the new whizz-kid takes over Moulton's desk and job, and "steadily, quietly, electrically, Erskine Morris typed the 'Th Years Gone By' column several weeks into the future".

This is a surprising theme to be tackled by a man not yet thirty. But Mr. Bailey shows subtlety and sympathy in his handling of it, as well as a quick ear for elderly female small-talk. There are plenty of Jerusalemers about these days, and Mr. Bailey dilates their characteristic odour-cab-

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## MORE A WAY OF LIFE

André Breton (1896-1966) et le mouvement surréaliste. La Nouvelle Revue Française. Vol. XV. No. 172. 377pp. 16 plates. Paris: Gallimard. 10fr.

André Breton dead? It is the more difficult to believe because no one during the present century seemed more immune to the concept of mortality. Without Breton, surrealism could never have existed, let alone survived the hard knocks it administered and received in the fields of literature, art, politics and sociology during the forty-four years of its turbulent existence. As Raymond Queneau points out in the short but perceptive text which he devotes to Breton in this collection of "homages et témoignages", without him surrealism might at best have been a literary school; with him in charge, it was a way of life, with all that implied in the way of inconsistencies, violent quarrels, petulant edicts and agonizing ruptures of personal relationships. What often saved surrealism was the sheer inventive genius and energy of its discoverer. Impervious to objections and criticisms (few had the temerity to criticize Breton to his face), he was exceptionally generous and charming as a friend, icily implacable as an enemy. Those who survived longest in their orbit of the surrealist sphere were those prudent enough to remain at a safe distance from the fiery nucleus.

It should be noted that the tributes assembled in this handsomely produced special issue of the *N.R.F.* are, with few exceptions, from those who have never been connected with the surrealist movement, or have remained on its periphery, or whose quarrels with Breton are so ancient that time has healed their wounds. Only the novelist-essayist Julien Gracq (author of a sensitive and emotionally involved study of Breton published in 1947), the novelist-poet André Pieyre de Mandiargues, and the critic Alain Jouffroy (expelled from the surrealist group in 1948 for "travail fractionnel", but presumably rehabilitated since then) can be considered, in the present volume, to have been closely associated with the group: their tributes are largely uncritical. There are also a few rather perfunctory reminiscences from old warriors who had participated in the early years of pugnacious glory (Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes, Philippe Soupault), and a number of equivocal but effusive appreciations from some distinguished writers who had never mani-

fested much active sympathy for the orthodox surrealist posture during Breton's lifetime—Jean Paulhan, Roger Caillois, Alain Bosquet (apart from his 1943 collection of poems, *Synapses*), Elielem. Perhaps the most touching testimonial of all comes from the painter Matta, evicted by manifesto in October, 1948, on the grounds of "disqualification intellectuelle et ignominie morale" (by no means a harsh verdict within the very special terms of surrealist investiture), present here to kiss the rod gladly. Indeed, Matta states in another recent review (*L'Archibus*, No. 1, April, 1967) that:

Je ne connais aucun artiste brouillé avec Breton en qui l'amour et le respect pour Breton ne soit pas resté vivant. Ceux qui le haïssent, se haïssent eux-mêmes. Un artiste, un homme qui n'a pas aimé Breton, n'a pas vécu encore.

These words surely reflect a measure of the hypnotic influence that Breton exercised on all those who came into contact with him. Association with the French surrealist group meant essentially a personal relationship with him, a relationship which seemed to run the whole course of a love affair: passionate love, misunderstanding, dispute, recrimination, hatred, parting agony, regret, reconciliation, passionate love, misunderstanding and so on.

The history of surrealism has yet to be written. Certainly we are still too close to it to be able to expect an intelligent appraisal of the movement, free from sycophancy or malice. There is a plethora of innocuous academic studies and postgraduate theses on surrealism, mostly American. This tribute to Breton by the *N.R.F.* adds something rather special, however, a sort of printed confessional in which the contributors request absolution in varying degrees of forcefulness, suavity or abjectness. The most valuable texts are the ones written by those least closely associated with the movement: Michel Butor's essay "Heptadecaractères", analysing certain verbal obsessions which recur constantly in Breton's writing, is perceptive and illuminating. Some of the more respectful texts, with titles such as "Notes sur la morale d'André Breton", are less valuable.

## WHAM! BLAM! SHAZAM!

The Great Comic Book Heroes. Compiled, introduced and annotated by Jules Feiffer. 189pp. The Penguin Press. £3.10s.

Jules Feiffer has put together, with the loving care of the fanatic—a selection of original episodes from the golden age of the American comic book. It is a sumptuously produced and lovingly-edited exercise in cultural nostalgia. In his witty and suggestive personal introduction, Feiffer reveals his own addiction to, and influence by, the comics. He imitated them with true professional zeal at the age of eight, and his first job was in the outer zones of the comic book trade.

The golden age, according to Feiffer, ran from about 1938 to the end of World War II. In that decade the astonishing galaxy of caped and hooded creatures were born and set off—"took off"—is more appropriate—on their heroic encounters with the menace from the underworld/outer space. Several of the reproduced texts give the actual moments of superhuman incarnation, the dedication to a life against crime, Batman spent years of preparation, exercising with bar-bells and becoming a "master scientist". Captain Marvel had it easier: he just looked up, said the magic word—"Shazam!"—and then—"Blam!"—the pimply youth was transformed into the superhero. Wow!

The hooded wonders were born out of a collective despair. The tough but human heroes of, say, *Detective Comics*, were coming off distinctly second-best in their encounter with crime. The answer was to raise the fantasy threshold, the level of incredibility. Thus, Superman, Batman, Captain Marvel, Flash, Green Lantern, Captain America and others: "a menagerie of flying men, webbed men, robot men, ghost men, minuscule men, flexible sized men... blackening the comic book skies like locusts in drag."

The level of fantasy-engagement seems fairly obvious. They were primarily escape-fantasies. The sub-world of crime was far more powerfully evoked than the everyday

world, where Superman in the guise of Clark Kent walked unnoticed and pedestriars were frequently stumbling out of the path of the invisible Flash. Outside the gamut of technical ingenuity, torture, fear, murder and retribution, their human-emotional range is minimal. The heroes are skillfully distinguished, but underneath there is a gross stereotyping. On the heroic side, a caricature of American virtues: individual prowess and strength, lantern-jawed good looks, chivalry, unceasing virtue and chastity. On the villainous side, a reverse counter to the superhuman: sardonic, brutalized, criminal un-American looks (as the War takes over, almost without exception oriental), with evil inscribed on face and limbs—a montage of grimaces, fangs, teeth, &c. Both hero and villain are equipped with the gobbledygook of magico-science: flying cars, torture machines, smoking retort stands and poisoned darts, fluids and gases. The stark simplicity of these contrasting fantasy-universes underpins the adolescent simplicity of the stories. The crooks are disembodied "evils": the supermen disembodied emblems of soppy goodwill, vulnerable in mid-story (often getting knocked out, beaten up, trusted and dropped into rivers)—only, of course, to re-emerge victorious at the end. Must striking of all, the resolutions are all—despite the technological ambience—personal and individual: straight, all-American fist-fights, face-to-face trials of strength. And virtue triumphant.

The comics celebrate action. There isn't contemplative man in the whole run, not even an introverted magician. They rehearse the victory of the good—who also happen to be the beautiful and the strong. Robert Warshaw once calculated that his son, at the current rate of consumption, probably read 2,000 such stories a year. He argued that this must have had an effect on his developing attitudes to violence, sex and social

restraint: "though there is no evidence," and Dr. Wertheim, stating the case, seems to be basing off any empirical work there is. What gave the comic's distinctive iconographic style? At a straight line, draughtsman and colouring were primitive of line, the range is striking. But they move within a visual/verbal idiom. Feiffer makes the point that "Kane's strength... but involvement in what he was doing. And about another exercise: it was the guttural visual comic, the intense of the fantasy. Their style of violence, the movies paper—the final dream of a lighting, montage and... Above all, the style and end of each episode, the enlarged drawing of a villain and end of each episode, the confinement of the action, explode across the page a of-the-worlds, time-mazy... They were inviolable, coloured underground of imagination for the young, the reach of adults; one by heroes—Batman's Robin, the Toro—were there for quick identification. The all-owed more to this than homosexual situation. Around, the comics in their eared format were a late, rency, paper-money for the time round—in fat volume... they seem curiously simple: they yield few lasting levels. They have been of high camp—for adults, fat collection is a monument renewed mannerism of the style.

## THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

OSBERT LANCASTER: *With an Eye to the Future*. Illustrated by the author. 156pp. John Murray.

Like Max Beerbohm, for whom he has a disciple's admiration, Mr. Osbert Lancaster has scooped a nice niche in the Hall of Fame with his pointed pencil and pen. But whereas Max belonged consciously to "the Beardsley period," long after it had lapsed, Mr. Lancaster has kept mortally abreast of the times. With his pocket-cartoons in the *Daily Express* he has reached a far wider public than the recluses of Rapallo. Early in life he must have digested the essay on 1880 in Max's *Works*, for he has a similar half-mocking half-tender sense of period and a talent for evoking the fashions as well as the snows of yesterday.

This sense and this talent are conspicuous in *With an Eye to the Future*, his recent autobiography, illustrated in colour and line with that lambent humour we have come to associate with all his productions. With his keen artist's eye more fixed on the past than the future, he has given us a series of vivid vignettes in which the most entertaining, if not the most significant, *drainage* personae of the 1920s and 1930s flit, flutter, flit, hurl missiles and make their bows. These linger in the reader's memory and in many cases he laments their absence from the modern scene. Robert Byron, for instance, is conjured in the bar of Cayen, Garden Theatre at the nadir of Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement, expounding his views on Hitler, the Prime Minister and Sir Horace Wilson. "With a venomous intensity and uninhibited directness I have never heard equalled." There he is to the life, his face "the colour of bleached Bromo", and beneath those heavy lids his red-rimmed eyes blazed with the cold fury he had once directed at the invading hordes together with a fusillade of well-aimed champagne bottles." Denis Kincaid, too, and Christopher Hobhouse, whose premature deaths were also a serious loss to literature.

Mr. Lancaster's autobiography has the unusual virtue of comprehensiveness: he is never indulging in a grandiose statement, but he is always there, in the background, as a witness to the events he describes. He is never more than a witness, but he is always there, in the background, as a witness to the events he describes. He is never more than a witness, but he is always there, in the background, as a witness to the events he describes.

the subject of architecture and his most successful cartoons are the visual equivalents of Mr. John Bejman's poems. While these are more elaborate than Max Beerbohm's his prose is less polished and more casual. The style is colloquially civilized and urbane, Oxonian *carpe diem*, worthy to stand beside Sir Maurice Bowra's *Memories*.

Oxford was his compensation for the dreariness of his schooldays. He is at his brightest and best in his evocation of his undergraduate years, and his coevals will be sure to relish his lively chapter "The Varsity Drag", wherein the eccentric characters of the 1920s are described with the gusto of a connoisseur. Happily some of these are still flourishing, but it is doubtful whether Dr. Spooner, "Sligger" Urquhart, Dundas of The House, Professor Dawkins and Colonel Y. Kolkhorst have been succeeded by personalities so picturesque. The picture of Professor Dawkins perched on the branch of a tree is especially felicitous.

What will the younger generation make of this chapter, so remote from the cacophonous Oxford of today? In the years following his departure, as Mr. Lancaster neatly puts it, "aesthetics were out and politics were in, and sensibility was replaced by social awareness." The Spanish Civil War cast a more baneful light on the Oxford colleges than the ruthless Zuleika Dobson, and Firbankian fantasy was ousted by a posse of new crass men, mental ex-patriates from the London School of Economics. The chanting of the horns of multitudinous motor-cars.

His spiritually-minded mamma had warned Master Lancaster that "we are not put into this world just to be happy", but he seems to have squeezed happiness from unpropitious experiences, as when a haemorrhage saved him from cramming for the Bar and enabled him to pursue his natural bent at the Slade. How buoyantly he describes his first visit to the Continent, from the bloused

cyclists pedalling along the Paris with Japanese lanterns to the handle-bars, and the first glimpse of San Marco in Giorgio Maggiori's "framed" the twin columns of the Piazza. How just is his comment that "before Mr. Osbert Lancaster's eyes, the nineteenth-century's idea of a sure" He gives the St. credit for kindling a passion for baroque but he notes that the prevalent enthusiasm for Austro-German baroque was "an agreeable scholasticism" to foster those illusions of apples of Sodom at Munich. Mr. Lancaster is an artist-writer, when one gets him better after reading his and good-tempered book, any itch to cavil, however, point out that goldsmiths always monopolized the band's benefactions to the moleman Museum, used to Judge's Lodgings, not on Louis MacNeice was her daughter, and that she anything in common with Verdun. She was absolutely

With Volumes I and IV (John Murray, 25s. each) Mr. Lancaster has completed his edition of *Selected Essays of Virginia Woolf*. The earlier volumes contained "mainly literary and critical" and the new volumes contain "mainly biographical" essays, roughly subject matter, according to subject matter, collection reprints all but a few of the essays and reviews assembled in the two series. *Common Reader* (1925) and *The Four Posthumous* (1925) edited by Mr. Woolf between 1925 and 1958. A minor, but omission is the brief preface to *1925* the essays explaining

## THE MOORS MURDERERS

A Chronicle of Murder and its Detection. 370pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.2s.

What struck terror in the Moors Murders case was its incomprehensibility. What could have induced Ian Brady and Myra Hindley to have murdered "for kicks" twelve-year-old John Kilbride, ten-year-old

old John Downey and seventeen-year-old Edward Evans? The victims were utter strangers; in each case there was indication of sexual indignity before the murder. There was no case a motive recognizably human. Pamela Hansford Johnson, who reported for the *Sunday Telegraph* on a day or so, produced a book, *On Iniquity*, which recorded her reflections on the conditions which might have produced these two film terms have appeared from Outer Space). But she did not place either of them in a human context. This is what Emlyn Williams has attempted in *Beyond Belief*. In his foreword he quotes John Arlott's remarks on William Bolitho's *Murder for Profit*:

"It has a dual accuracy, the accuracy of history and the accuracy of imagination." Ever since writing *Night Must Fall*, I have wondered if a murder case would one day present itself which would challenge me to embark on a book aiming at that "dual accuracy". *Beyond Belief* is composed, therefore, of three elements: Fact, Interpretation of Fact, and Surmise.

Mr. Williams subtitles his book "A Chronicle of Murder and its Detection". In fact it is a psychological investigation following a trial for triple murder. If we had been allowed to accompany Mr. Williams along the course of his research, interesting as it is, the complex story would have been more interesting. As it is, the complex story is woven from direct and indirect evidence and from speech, recorded, remembered or imaginatively invented. The author explains:

"I have felt that in the cause of coherent narrative, this reconstruction should be incorporated into the text as smoothly as possible. At the same time, it is obviously essential that it should be clear each time 'surmise' begins and leaves off. To make sure of this, I employ two familiar and unobtrusive

lingering looks long before he spoke to her; and she was callously in love with him for months before he took her out. He was a master of withdrawal and after the seduction in Gran's house, on January 1, 1963, he was careful to make clear that she could have him only on his terms, which terms were revealed gradually: the driving lessons, the trips on the moors with the periscope in the back of the car, the pornographic photographs, the visits to films like *The Nuremberg Trials*, the cult of Nazism, the sado-masochistic practices.

Though in the dock the two may have appeared peers in cruelty, Brady landed there out of self-love, Hindley out of obsessive love of Brady. For Brady, the murders of John Kilbride and Lesley Ann Downey were sadistic acts putting him above the rank of human animals. Myra Hindley was useful as a physical and psychological accomplice; but it was his act. For Myra Hindley, it was their act, a substitute for the normal sexual intercourse with which she would, certainly at first at least, have been contented. (They both had their terrors, incidentally. Hindley of sleeping alone in the dark. Brady of the *tipula oleracea* or daddy-long-legs.)

The motiveless murder of strangers is hard to detect and as a pair they might never have been discovered. Mr. Williams brings out the fatal nature of Brady's perversion. The corruption of others was part of the fascination of the murders. David Smith had to be enlisted because Myra Hindley was not enough; and Brady used a very similar technique for his seduction, except that the promise of a bank raid took the place of bed.

If David Smith had consented to be an accomplice in the murder of Edward Evans, it is probable that Ian Brady could not have stopped there. Maureen Smith would most likely have been the next recruit; and so on, until the final discovery which was the climax towards which his career inexorably drove.

But Mr. Williams stresses that Myra Hindley resented David Smith being drawn in, because it lessened her own role. By involving Smith, Brady was being unfaithful to her, proposing a *meurtre à trois*, which offended her prudish nature.

Environmentally David Smith had a similar background to Ian Brady's, had been subject to the same corrupting influences and mass media; but he was so outraged that in spite of his police record he "shopped" Brady and Hindley. Does this mean that he had a morally better type of genetic code than those of the other two? The murder of Evans had been "the messiest yet". It could be asked of Myra Hindley that had she not already been brutalized by two, and perhaps more, comparatively unmissable killings, might not she have "shopped" Brady instead of impassively lying in his support, showing emotion only about the fate of her dogs?

Where Miss Hansford Johnson and Mr. Williams meet on common ground is in the decisive effect of *Justine* in providing Brady with the rationale for murder. Where Miss Hansford Johnson generalizes about the Permissive, or Affect-less, Society, Mr. Williams particularizes, e.g. with Brady's list of films enjoyed, starting in 1947 with *Gismoke*, *Shadow of Terror*, *The Killers*, *Appointment with Crime* and *Wanted by the Police* and ending eighteen years later with *Peyton Place* and, again, *The Killers*. In this chronicle of favourite films *The Third Man* occurs and recurs. If *Justine* was contributory to the Moors murders, what was the effect, too, of *That Was the Week That Was* and *The Avengers*, Brady's favourite television programmes? Is the peculiar horror of the Moors murders due to our abomination of the unwhitened expression of evil impulses which we would recognize latent in ourselves, had we not been browbeaten into thinking evil old-fashioned?

Some people may consider *Beyond Belief* an unsavoury exercise in perception. To them, Mr. Williams

answers: "the proper study of mankind is Man. And Man cannot be ignored because he has become vile. Women neither." Perhaps the greatest value of his book is that it shows us that the human monsters Brady and Hindley were not one and the same, but two different kinds of monster; and the danger which David Smith ran of becoming a third.

## THE SHERLOCK GAME

*Seventeen Steps to 221B*. Edited by James Edward Holroyd. 182pp. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The Sherlock Holmes game has surprising vitality, considering its age. The earliest of the seventeen pieces collected in this volume is dated as far back as 1913 and all too many of the contributors have now to be described by the editor as "the late". On the whole, the book is uneven reading: Holmesian addicts range from the facetious to the meticulous—men with crossword-puzzle minds. Few pieces here reprinted are unfamiliar, but the best are generally the shortest—Desmond MacCarthy's little biography of Dr. Watson, for instance, and Arthur Marshall's brilliant *New Statesman* essay, "Ring for Our Boots". Typical of the whole is the attempt to foist upon *The Times* a "Deaths" notice running: "Holmes. On June 9, 1952, finally and peacefully at his home in Sussex, Sherlock, brother of Mycroft, a jest that was only foiled by the vigilance of a member of the editorial staff."

The book ends with an examination-paper in which may be savoured the full bouquet of Doyle's characteristic prose: "He has never said anything. He is a perfect gentleman. But a girl always knows." Though it is perhaps a pity to treat with undue solemnity an author capable of constant flights of this magnitude, it is nevertheless convenient to have these fugitive sheaves collected.

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## FROM BOOKSELLERS

Published by J. M. Dent Ltd from Aldine House, Bedford Street, London WC2E 9EF

KENNETH BURKE WAS BORN IN 1897. Malcolm Cowley in 1898. Friends for fifty years, they come from the same historical experience, the same context of feeling. Burke is featured as a character in *Exile's Return* (1934), Cowley's classic portrait of an unclassical time. Decorously, the young poet brings from the moonlit depths of his yearning a few *objets d'art* (cadences from the lesser Chopin, a phrase from La Fontaine) and sends them to his friend, by letter. Burke is a touching figure in the landscape of the first chapter, and he stays in the mind. Cowley sets off for Paris to confront the decade's emblems, Stein, Valéry, Eliot, Pound, Tzara, Aragon. When he came back to New York in 1923 Burke was already thinking poetic thoughts in Coolidge's America. The daring young men read the same poems, conspired in the same fugitive magazines, faced the new decade with the same distress. The American 1930s really began with the Sacco-Vanzetti case (1927). The new phase of feeling appears in Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder in *The New Republic* in 1930. The character of the decade was identified when Edmund Wilson published *The American Jitters* (1932).

These and similar experiences were witnessed by Burke and Cowley, young writers who were trying to compose good poems at a time of bad government. But there is a sense in which they mark Cowley's context more accurately than Burke's. Cowley was literary editor of *The New Republic* from 1929 to 1940. Burke wrote several articles for the magazine, but he was not committed to it, body and soul, as Cowley was. Burke's mind was in *The Dial*, and the difference between the two magazines points the difference between the two men. *The Dial* was discontinued in 1929, but it had already marked Burke's mind for life; a good mark. Both men voted Left when it was time to vote, but politics was only one of the ways in which Burke sensed the world: to Cowley, politics was all in all. *Think Back On Us*... a gathering of Cowley's superb essays and reviews from *The New Republic*, is an expression of political feeling even when its ostensible theme is literary. Cowley is concerned with the American Left, with Russia, China, Marxism, the fear of Fascism, the proletarian revolution, and he is concerned with literature in the same spirit. Many of Burke's early essays deal with politics, and their feeling is urgent, but they move through politics to find patterns of feeling and action which are fundamental and categorical. The essay on Hitler's *Main Kampf*, in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* (first published in 1941 and now reissued), treats Hitler as a remarkably successful medicine-man and proposes to study the medicine so as to guard against it; but to Burke the deepest interest is intrinsic, and he is unwilling to close *Main Kampf* until he has gone beyond its political occasions to see what it means in general, in principle.

Cowley does not exhibit this interest. He is a thoughtful man, but he is not interested in metaphysics, or metaphysics. He lives from day to day. Most of his thought is 'thirty-minded': to use one of Burke's recent phrases. In 1932 it was easy and natural to think of a novel as a protest-march, a campaign. So it was a matter of scandal to Cowley that Edmund Wilson expressed his admiration for Lenin by asserting contempt for Lenin's countrymen. Wilson was a good man, one of us, but he had erred and now he must be brought to book. This is the kind of issue to which Cowley brought his

energy, his magnanimity. If something was political, it was important. Nothing was more important. This feeling came naturally to him, and it accounts for the vitality of his early essays. But it could not survive the Stalin-Hitler Pact or the Finnish War. Indeed, after these catastrophes, Cowley's tone becomes increasingly rueful: it is the voice of a stranded imagination. Diana Trilling makes the point, in the June *Encounter*, that those who, like herself, committed themselves in the 1930s to 'an ideology of social involvement' failed; and failure led to 'a blockage of hope' which has not been surmounted by a succeeding generation. If young Americans (today do not march on the Left, the reason is that they have met their parents returning, defeated, from the ideological war) Cowley invested so much of himself in this that he had little left over for the distresses of the peace. His imagination has been unemployed since then, even though it has always had a job.

Burke has been luckier. R. P. Blackmur said of Lionel Trilling that he cultivates 'a mind never entirely to his own, a mind always deliberately to some extent what he understands to be the mind of society'. The remark, suitably adjusted, applies also to Cowley; with this qualification, that Cowley settled for the mind of that part of society which consists of the writers and readers of *The New Republic* and the better quarters. In 1929 it was possible to choose. Burke chose the other part. It is possible to say, with only the necessary degree of exaggeration, that Burke cultivated a mind almost entirely his own. If this mind happened to coincide with other minds, well and good. If not, he would think his own thoughts, going forth alone. If Cowley had not been what he was, he would have been a politician, running for office as a Democrat of the Left. If Burke had not been what he was, he would have been a dramatist, or a composer. So Burke has not been incapacitated by the failure of ideology. Years asked in one of his gnomes verses: 'What are all those fish that lie gasping on the strand?' Burke is not gasping on the strand. To him, the other part has been the better part. He has taken the imagination as good medicine, the only cure for the jitters, the only way of lifting the Depression.

The story begins in the early fiction, *The White Oxen* (1924), later in the critical manifesto, *Counter-Statement* (1931; revised 1953) and the novel, *Towards a Better Life* (1932; 1966). It starts as self-expression, subject to this qualification from *Counter-Statement*: 'The music attains self-expression when he tells us that he is Napoleon; but Napoleon attains self-expression by commanding an army. And, transferring the analogy, the self-expression of the artist is not distinguished by the uttering of emotion, but by the evocation of emotion. If, as humans, we cry out that we are Napoleon, as artists we seek to command an army.'

Even if it is only an army of one. In Burke's setting the imagination is nothing if not critical. It tries to deal with a situation by surrounding it with an army of rival images. Hence its motto: when in Rome, do as the Romans. *Counter-Statement* is what a man can do with his own resources, in the music of ideas and argument. *Towards a Better Life* is the fictive cousin, the kind of book an imaginative Greek would write, stylishly incongruous in a fallen Rome. These books take their stand on the last ditch: imagination, virtue, virtuosity, style. The later books carry on the fight in the terms given by the thirty-minded critic: the circles are concentric. The later version of self-expression, for instance, is a concern for the reflexivity of the imagination; the post-Kantian search for categories which enable the mind to derive everything from its own potentialities. But already in *Towards a Better Life* the hero, John Neal, coped with quotidian distresses, exceeding them, in anticipation. The later books are driven by the evocation of emotion, in the sense of the fiction and criticism, in keeping with a pattern of mind by which implications are pushed, inch by inch, to the end of the line. Self-expression, communication, contemplation, working out the implications, beyond the call of common sense, are the four main themes.

Malcolm Cowley: *Think Back On Us*. Edited by Henry Dan Piper. 400pp. Southern Illinois University Press, London; Feller and Simons, 14s.

concerned with the shapes of persuasion: a topic developed in richer detail in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* and *A Rhetoric of Motives* (1950). The rhythm of Burke's thought is given in *Counter-Statement* 'to transform the contentious into the speculative', a motive which enlivens the whole enterprise. We find it again, for instance, in the exaltation of comedy in *Attitudes toward History* (1937; 1959) and elsewhere.

The comic frame should enable people to be observers of themselves, while acting. Its ultimate would not be passive, but maximum consciousness, one would transcend himself by noting his own foibles.

Many of the foibles were noted, indeed proclaimed, in *Towards a Better Life*, but they are worked out in a larger historical and cosmic setting in *Permanence and Change* (1935; 1954). The primacy of the imagination is asserted by setting off 'the poetic perspective' against the political, industrial or military perspectives which occupy the arena. The dark angel of the book is Benthism, and there are searching analyses of modern social attitudes as disclosed in Veblen, Lawrence, and Eliot. The problem is: how to surmount social confusion by devising a proper style. In *Attitudes toward History* Burke considers the ways in which a purely imaginative or spiritual vision might be objectified, organized, in an alien setting of material or public terms. He is already pondering the patterns of feeling which sustain the literary forms, the great genres, as well as Marxism, Fascism, democracy, capitalism, and other public verities. Increasingly, he experiments by converting one terminology into another, lining up one style against another; achieving perspective by incongruity. *On Permanence and Change* he has recently said, 'It is such a book as authors in those days sometimes put together, to keep themselves from falling apart'. Hence in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* the concern with a burdensome poet, Coleridge, an artist working in conditions of notable stress; with Freud, who would still our fears by making them comprehensible; with Marx, who would offer specific revolution instead of diffuse anxiety.

In *A Grammar of Motives* (1945) Burke extends the question of communication, speculating on the terminology of motives in general, committing himself more resolutely than ever to the terminology of action, he grounds his thought on five terms: act, agent, scene, agency, and purpose. 'By examining them quizzically, we can range far', he says; 'yet the terms are always there for us to reclaim, in their everyday simplicity, their almost miraculous casiness, thus enabling us constantly to begin afresh.' So in this book he analyses, with the discipline of his grammar, the motives involved in such realities as war, money, sacrifice, capitalism, essence, and freedom. Most of the book is an examination of the major philosophic schools in terms of the pentad, and here occur many of Burke's most brilliant formulations. Here also are the famous essays on Keats and on Marianne Moore. The great merit of the book is that it exhibits the resourcefulness of the five simple terms, while allowing for all the necessary impingements of one idiom upon another. Many of the essays collected now in *Language as Symbolic Action* are applications of the terminology first elaborated in the *Grammar*. The essay on Marshall McLuhan, for instance, criticizes the new prophet for reducing action to agency. The essay certainly cuts McLuhan down to size, but its great value is to show precisely, in grammatical terms, what is going on in *Understanding Media*.

*A Rhetoric of Motives* picks up where *The Philosophy of Literary Form* and *Attitudes toward History* left off, in considering the persuasiveness of the work of art. This is one of Burke's most genial books, vivid in the diversity of his skills; the detail is beautifully balanced against the generalization. Written 'for tolerance and contemplation', the book moves in a remarkably free air of disclosure: whether it is tracking down the patterns of imagery in Car-

symbolism and identification in *Rhetoric of Religion* (1964) or corresponding secular terms, anything useful is not lost by his religious frame of reference. *Studies in Symbolic Action*, looking back over the chapters on *Dialectic Grammar*. The new factor is the human intention; a transition into dramatic terms; a positional negative discussed in *son's Creative Evolution*.

Much of this is implied in the book *Language as Symbolic Action*. The first part propounds a doctrine of man. Man is 'the symbolic animal'; 'inventor of the symbolic'; 'separated from his natural condition by instruments of making'; 'guided by the spiritual hierarchy'; and 'rotten with fiction'. Each of these phrases expounded with the aid of others which would be delightful if they were less significant data. Burke is not a poet, a rhetorician, for nothing he says is of specific work; *On Athens*, the *Orestes*, *Geza Faust*, Emerson's 'Name', *Allegory to India*, 'Kubla', *Nightwood*, the poem of *Roethke* and William Carlos Williams. Some of these analyses extraordinarily perceptive, especially the material on Shakespeare, Forster. The third part of the book brings together a number of ideas on symbolism. Of these, the most important is a study on the origins of language. It took the hint from Bergson, the development in himself with the fact that there are lives in nature, he ponders the remarkable institution of the metaphor in literature, philosophy, and logic. Rounding out the material with analyses of certain pages Augustinus, Bossuet, and Kant brings the whole discourse to a conclusion which would be triumphant if it were not object. But the object is object, contemplation, good with a place in which to seek a condition of maximum consciousness.

But perhaps the character of book, and the plot of Burke's work to date, can be suggested by reference to some phrases from verse. An amateur poet, Burke written some poems, like 'The Hippocratic Oath' given in the book. These await the attention of the studios. But the poems as well as method shows 'I say; and later:

I'll try to show when it comes to be just morbid enough. One line comes from *Book of Moths* (1955). The search for a motto stops in Burke's 'Poem on a Poem on Roosevelt', an old brave words as trial balloons. Burke and Cowley, in their different similar ways, have spent many years doing that. Hence they regard many of the finest motives in American 1930s. If, as a phrase of Robert Frost, 'the thought of life as the sum of the and the inner weather, we are the custodian of our own tendencies'. But the two are not meel. There is a sentence in *Grammar of a Christian Society* which they them together: when Eliot says 'Good prose cannot be written, people without convictions'.

It is a pleasure, however, of books coming along. Some of the in the English day. American work from the 1930s to come to the still hard to come to the Robert's *The Time of Man* Peale Bishop's *Now in the Begin Responsibilities*. The latter, easily extended, not the better, finer than the rest of the literature of a Burke. *A Better Life* is a case in point.



## CONGRESSMEN

The Fourth Soviet Writers' Congress, held 'by happy coincidence' during the fiftieth anniversary year of the October Revolution, by all accounts turned out, as expected, to be an abysmally drab affair. That it would be unexciting was obvious from the start, for very few indeed of the most enlightened members of the Soviet literary intelligentsia were there at all, and fewer still, in fact only Konstantin Simonov, had a chance to speak. Ilya Ehrenburg rather coolly opted for another Congress, of the Stenhalian Society at Parma; and Voznesensky, Yevushenko and Aleksandr Tvardovsky were either abroad or present simply as silent observers. Many allusions were made, during the Congress, to the presence of distinguished foreign observers, who were said to symbolize the great admiration entertained for Soviet literature throughout the world, yet on the whole the foreign delegations were remarkable only for the inactivity and silence of their members. Where, for instance, were Sartre and Aragon? C. P. Snow and Pablo Neruda were just about the only writers of note to attend the Congress, and when Armand Lanoux, on behalf of the French delegation, expressed a scrupulously guarded regret at 'certain recent measures' which have 'brought joy to your enemies and dismay to your friends', his words were not published in the Soviet press.

This feebleness and rather hysterical fear can be explained, presumably, as a determination on the part of the authorities to parade unblemished orthodoxy and solidarity in this fiftieth anniversary year in every aspect of Soviet life. But could not less daring speakers have been chosen? G. Markov on fiction, M. Dudin on poetry and L. Novichenko on criticism could hardly have been more uninspiring choices, their speeches being almost interchangeable. Selldom did the Congress rise above a note of rather provincial jingoism, anti-Chinese and anti-bourgeois venom and worse, crude quantitative boasting ('the Soviet Union has more writers than any other country in the world').

As is often the case on these occasions, the only reasonable entertainment at the Congress was provided by M. Sholokhov, who has developed a gift for carrying his orthodoxy to an extreme that can only cause embarrassment to the authorities. Most characteristic was a typically sarcastic attack, full of base back-handed compliments and phoney folksy wisdom, on Ilya Ehrenburg, an 'old friend' whose absence the other delegates carefully avoided mentioning. Sholokhov then delivered a patting homily on youth. He was launched by the thought of these 'lovely tenors' whose voices are 'clumsily, breaking, and who lack of experience and maturity still cling stubbornly to the inconsistent with the spirit of the times'. He himself, who have 'not devoted enough time to guide them, to understand their youthful, sensitive pride. These young writers, of course, have had little respect for Sholokhov since his performance during the Sinyavsky-Daniel affair; and they will not be eagerly looking forward to the moment when, reformed, the 'sentimental old rogue' comes to give them guidance.

Sholokhov's speech had one merit; it was a reference to 'the renegade' who made the one, really, of the attack in the Congress on the 'freedom' of the writers. On the other hand, the latest Soviet

Soviet Union cannot stand while the Americans shed blood in Vietnam while Fascism is on the march in Germany and a Fascist military junta seizes power in Greece. It is only with such convinced supporters of censorship that it is possible to argue at all, since most officials in the Soviet Union deny the existence of censorship altogether, and the Congress would have been fascinating indeed if an open discussion had taken place between men like Sholokhov and their convinced opponents.

In fact the only open opposition to Soviet literary policy came from Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in the form of a bold letter, addressed to the delegates, 300 copies of which he is said to have typed out himself and delivered privately to the Congress (it is a 'crime' in Russia to have uncensored material copied professionally). The significance of this document (published in *Le Monde* on May 31) lies not so much in its attacks on past policies, for instance on the Writers' Union's failure ever to come to the defence of its members when they were sent to concentration camps or shot, but rather in its exposure of the present state of censorship. Solzhenitsyn lists two novels, three plays, one film script and several stories of his own which have recently been banned. Worse, he alleges that no reputable work of literature has ever reached the public without being previously mutilated by the censor, so that the great works of Soviet literature as we know them are often only shadows of the authors' original efforts. Poor Konstantin Simonov in his speech at the Congress sensibly had recourse to an attack on Fascism, and his opinions on that subject will be shared by most people. But how many of his excellent novels have suffered in the manner described by Solzhenitsyn? Anti-Fascist clichés seem almost frivolous from a man who must have been deeply aware at the time of the relevance of Solzhenitsyn's letter to his own experiences—his war memoirs were recently banned from publication in *Novy Mir* for excessive anti-Stalinism.

The ironical thing about censorship in the Soviet Union is that very few writers of any merit who are persecuted by it are not thoroughly convinced Communists. Solzhenitsyn himself would be shocked if his faith in Communism were in doubt. Many writers would even be prepared to accept that the great achievements of Soviet power might not have been possible without fifty years of austere regimentation, although many would point to the 1920s as a period in which it was proven that exuberant literary innovation could coexist quite naturally with revolutionary transformation. What they do believe is that the Soviet regime has consolidated itself sufficiently now to be able to afford a confident loosening of discipline, and that the time has come to treat the Soviet people as adults. Then perhaps an art worthy of the revolution will emerge, as was the dream of the intelligentsia fifty years ago. Not only is there no provision in the Soviet Constitution for censorship, as Solzhenitsyn points out: there is no precedent in Marxist ideology for censorship, as it exists in the Soviet Union. 'If in doubt, ask the Cubans, whose highly sophisticated literature, since 1958 bears little sign of repression.'

The 'conservatives' then are, unfortunately, very much in the ascendancy this year. Not only are Solzhenitsyn's works likely to remain unpublished in the foreseeable future; a very typically Russian form of subtle repression is likely to continue, whereby controversial works, when they do get published, are brought out only in restricted editions, so that after a few days they are nowhere available; or if, like Solzhenitsyn's *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, they are published in say, *Novy Mir*, they are never allowed the subsequent benefit of hard covers—no story of Solzhenitsyn's has ever been published in book form.

the periodical had finally been disciplined, contains work by S. Zalygin and F. Iskander, both excellent young writers, the publication in *Novy Mir* of other stories by Iskander indicates some months ago. The liberals are not likely to be defeated as easily as Mr. Sholokhov would wish.

## Letters to the Editor

ILL DONNE: WELL DONNE

Sir—I had not intended to join in the slanging match provoked by the review you printed under the heading 'Ill Donne: Well Donne' on April 6. But I feel the time has come when I must say something. Professor Curtis's historical researches into my career have not been very deep and your reviewer's correction is misleading. It is true I took my first degree in 1929, but far from true that I have spent all my academic life in Oxford. I taught for eleven years in the universities of London and Birmingham before returning to Oxford in 1941. I taught for six months in the University of California at Los Angeles, and I have paid shorter visits to other universities in the United States as well as in Canada and Europe. Like other Oxford and Cambridge graduates I paid for my education by working as a tutor. I should be aware that the university system in these islands has many anomalies of its own. Does he think an M.A. from a Scottish university means what he means by an M.A.? I can assure Mr. Curtis that the honorary degree I hold from Durham and the two others I am about to receive, and election to Honorary Membership of M.L.A., which pleased me greatly, have not been paid for. I did pay for my Oxford D.Lit. in 1963, in the sense that I paid the examination fee out of which the judges who assessed the published work I submitted were recompensed and that I paid dues on taking the degree.

There is something particularly ludicrous in my being mixed up in this brawl, since my many good friends and colleagues across the Atlantic are well aware of my admiration for American literary scholarship and of the work done in American graduate schools. It is even absurd that a review of my book should be combined with an attack on graduate studies in general, since I have spent the last dozen or so years almost wholly occupied in teaching, supervising and examining postgraduate students at Oxford, many of whom are now teaching in America—even in California: at Berkeley, U.C.L.A. and Stanford.

Your reviewer might have spent his time more profitably if he had turned his eyes nearer home and examined a little more closely Mr. Roberts's 'powerful review' from which he picked up some of his criticisms. As a single specimen of his taking over (in this case without indicating the source) a misrepresentation by Mr. Roberts, without referring back to my edition to see what I had actually said, let me cite his making my words 'A great many of these can be dated with absolute certainty' refer to the *Songs and Sonnets*, an edition which Mr. Roberts's complaint that this was too positive. Reference to p. 191, which Mr. Roberts actually gave (which makes his misrepresentation even more extraordinary), shows that the grammatical antecedent of 'these' is 'Donne's works', and that the rest of the paragraph goes on to discuss the degrees of certainty and probability with which works other than the *Songs and Sonnets* can be dated, before I go on, in the next two paragraphs, to conjecture where among these works the *Songs and Sonnets* might be placed. Can it be said to be too positive to say that we can 'with absolute certainty' date *The Storm* and *The Calm* in 1597, or that the letter to Wotton on his appointment to Venice was written in 1604, or that 'The Progress of the Soul' can be dated with certainty from the date of its dedication, August, 1601?

I have been exceptionally busy of late, but I hope that within the next few weeks you will allow me further space to reply to Mr. Roberts and your reviewer, together, since important points of principle are at stake. In the meantime, in justice to Dr. Manley, may I ask your readers who have enjoyed seeing him tossed on the horns to refer to my long signed review of his edition (*J.E.G.P.*, October, 1964)? I made some complaints on his presentation and was unable to praise his introduction. I also complained that he seemed sometimes to be 'subliminally' referring to 'references' sake 'and his missing "points of wit" in his determination to "find esoteric significances"'. But I also said that he brought 'extensive, deep and enthusiastic reading to the elucidation of the poems', that his commentary 'is impressively learned' and that 'he has brought to the reader an immense amount of erudite knowledge, has tracked down many ideas to their origin and I have learned a great deal from him.'

range of his reading in original sources. This to my mind far outweighs the aberrations your reviewer dwelt upon. HELEN GARDNER, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

'Our reviewer writes:—I have only two things to say in reply to Dr. Gardner, pending the detailed answer that she promises. (1) I could sympathize with her if she felt that courtesy demanded a few kind words, in the course of a long signed review, about an editor who had acknowledged her help in his preface. But if she really found Dr. Manley's commentary "impressively learned", that is a striking example of how, on both sides of the Atlantic, the concept of learning is itself being degraded by the acceptance of unscholarly aims and methods. (2) If after reading my review she concluded that I had "picked up" my criticisms from Mr. Roberts and "taken over" a number of them without even referring back to her book, that shows how completely when she is evaluating a piece of criticism, her own critical judgment can desert her. My modest strictures, for what they were worth, were all my own, even where they overlapped Mr. Roberts's; and they were carefully considered.'

## COPYRIGHT

Sir—We thank John Calder and your journal for drawing your readers' attention to the issue of censorship through copyright restrictions. To us it seems intolerable that such a book as John Cage's *Silence*, important as a creative work and for its contribution to the evolving philosophy of art, should be virtually banned from this country by a publisher who has purchased the British rights and may delay months or even years before he eventually prints and makes the book available here. Readers in this country should not be deprived of such a book. Numerous similar examples could be quoted. If this is the result of the copyright laws then the copyright laws need amending.

John Calder commented on his publication of poems by Robert Creeley. He imagines that prior sales of the American editions 'exhausted the bulk of the market'. An almost exactly parallel case is the publication of Gary Snyder's poems by Fulcrum Press. The American editions sold before British publication, in roughly comparable numbers to the Creeley books. Yet Fulcrum's Snyder book has sold, in our experience, something like six times as many copies as Calder's Creeley and at exactly the same price. This is no case of an exhausted market but of a poorly designed and bound book as compared with a fine production. In our experience sale of American editions prior to British publication does the pioneer work of making the author known and arousing sufficient interest to make the British editions worth-while and profitable.

The author as well as the reader suffers in the case of an imposed censorship on the import of a book not yet published here. Lots of sales means loss of royalties. The author will get his percentage whether the book sold is an American or British product. For the public good, for the good of author and reader, and for the sake of freedom of thought, we think it is wrong that books of vital importance should be banned by publishers in this way. After all, the purpose of publishing is, or should be, to make public. We raised this matter initially in connexion with John Calder's Free-Art legal fund campaign. Far more books are censored by publishers in this way than are ever prevented by official censorship.

BERNARD STONOR, HARRY SANDERSON, B. MILES, JEAN WORSWICK, MARGARET MUNDAY, E. J. KAVANAGH, BOB COBBING.

(The above are all managers, examiners, or owners of bookshops, but are signing in a personal capacity and not as critics of their shops.) 262 Randolph Avenue, London, W.9.

## SERVICE FEE

Sir—I would like to draw your attention to some conditions apparently obtaining in the American book trade which your readers may like to know of, should they ever order direct from the United States. I recently ordered two paperback books not available in England from a bookseller who advertises in your columns, enclosing a cheque for \$7. The books, at \$1.85 each, were sent; registered postage was \$1.08, totalling \$4.78. As no receipt was sent, I assumed that a credit of \$2.22 from the \$7, but was told by the bookseller that there is a \$1 postage volume service fee for paperbacks. As this was some 54 per cent of the cost price of each book, it would seem a handsome profit margin by English standards (Messrs. Blackwell of Oxford advertise a 7 per cent postage and packing charge in their catalogues) for overseas orders.

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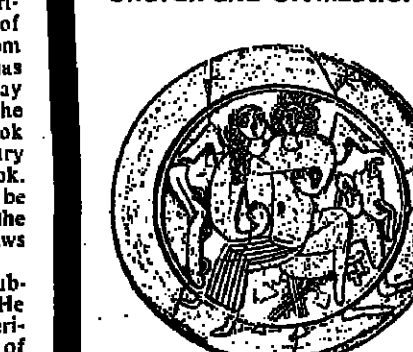
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## SLEEPING DOGS

**J. H. PLUMB:** *The Growth of Political Stability in England, 1675-1725.*  
206pp. Macmillan. 30s.

prayer-book and the Scotch order of service, antique but unstandardised, with significant differences in the words of the Communion Service. Tractarian doctrine found a ready seedbed in the old-fashioned high Church views which Episcopalians had inherited from the seventeenth century; ritualism made a larger break with the simple Scotch tradition. At the same time, prosperity and English fashions led to a more indifferent churchmanship; and so there was a strongly protestant tradition. Miss Lochead takes through it all, divided by dioceses in terms of strong-minded, often snobbish, often quarrelsome bishops; little remembered now outside their congregation; but no sparrow's sacramental doctrine fell from their lips without coming to her judgment in these late days. There they all impaled on the spike; and very convincing reading it is.

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## PSI, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

SIR ALISTER HARDY: *The Divine Flame*. 254pp. Collins. 30s.

When the first series of Sir Alister Hardy's Gifford Lectures was published under the title *The Living Stream* it was immediately greeted as a work of outstanding importance in the development of a natural theology, incorporating the latest results of scientific research. This second series of the lectures has been eagerly awaited and fulfils all expectations. Modestly sub-titled "An essay towards a natural history of religion", it is a superb examination of religious phenomena from the scientific point of view. It combines the broad synoptic vision of the philosopher with the detailed experimental knowledge of the naturalist.

Many lecturers on this famous foundation have found difficulty in complying with Lord Gifford's requirement that natural theology should be considered strictly as a natural science, just like astronomy or chemistry. Not so Sir Alister Hardy. For him, as for F. R. Tennant, there is "a theology derivable empirically from the study of Nature, man and human history". The evidence from biology was handled mainly in the earlier volume, but here he recapitulates with a wealth of support his view that evolution is not entirely the mechanistic process it is often thought to be; and he emphasizes Professor C. H. Waddington's belief that, for the socio-genetic method of transmission of inheritance to work successfully, not only must there be a mechanism for offering information to the new generation, but the new generation must also have the capacity to receive it. In the building into the mind of man of a capacity for belief, Sir Alister Hardy finds the best basis for natural theology.

Turning to his subject proper, the natural history of religion, he examines first the evidence of the anthropologists; and without deprecating the great work done by the "arm-chair anthropologists", such as Frazer, he relies more on those present-day observers who have lived with the tribes they have studied, such men as Dr. Godfrey Lienhardt and Professor E. E. Evans-Pritchard, who have made notable studies of the Dinka and Nuer tribes in Southern Sudan. The outstanding character of the religion of such unsophisticated peoples is a feeling of being in touch with some power beyond the self, which, with suitable approaches, they can draw help and confidence in their daily life. This sense of dependence on a spiritual power is found also in the sacred writings of various religions. The

"empirical study of the growth of religious consciousness" was begun by Edwin Diller Starbuck in *The Psychology of Religion* published in 1899, but it has been overshadowed by the brilliant work of William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, which draws heavily upon it, and Sir Alister does well to recapture the original source. Both Starbuck and James make a special study of conversion (whether of the once-born or of the twice-born) and the phrase that Sir Alister seizes is "becoming one with the Power that makes for Righteousness". This is closely reminiscent of the anthropological evidence.

In more recent years it is generally accepted that Rudolf Otto has delineated one of the leading characteristics of religious experience in his term "the numinous", and Sir Alister considers that the name indicates what has really been at the heart of religion since the earliest feelings of *numa* and *wakan* among primitive tribes. He cannot share the view that the sense of the divine presence, so prominent in the gospels, disappeared until rediscovered by Schleiermacher and Ritschl. It is evident in the Neoplatonists, and Coleridge was hymning it in Schleiermacher's lifetime. It is found not only in religious experience in the narrow sense but also in the love of nature and the inspiration of art.

In his first series Sir Alister hinted that the Freudian superego did not give the complete explanation of religious phenomena, and now he provides the detailed refutation of the destructive analysis claimed for Freud. He is fully sensitive to the great contribution made by psychoanalysis to the study of religion, but not in the least disturbed by the ideas that our conception of God as a person is based upon our early childhood-parent relationship. Freud has explained a great deal, but not through the Oedipus complex. The "illusion" that Freud demonstrates does not destroy the whole concept of divinity, but changes our ideas from those formed more than 3,000 years ago of a great, invisible potentate. It is a change in our ideas of God, but one that is no more, and no less, radical than that which substituted the Copernican solar system for the optical illusion that the sun went round a central earth.

It is impossible for a student of natural theology to ignore the claims made on behalf of psychical research and para-psychological phenomena generally, nor does Sir Alister do so. The evidence is now so strong and

enjoys the support of such eminent philosophers as Professor H. H. Price and Professor C. D. Broad that the continued refusal of scientific circles to treat it seriously has become a scandal. One way or the other, the claims made for psi-phenomena, as they are called, need to be confronted seriously.

This is part of Sir Alister Hardy's protest against the materialist-monist view of life. He himself seems to give support to the dualism of such thinkers as Sir Charles Sherrington. Nothing that was integral to the thinking of so profound an investigator as Sherrington can be lightly dismissed, but there is another alternative.

What is wrong with the materialist-monist view may not be the monism but the materialism. At the beginning of the century monism implied an idealist view of the universe. When the present fashions have exhausted their appeal, there may well be a return to the view that matter is only the manner in which the underlying mental reality manifests itself. This view has an inner consistency that cannot easily be challenged, and seems more in keeping with many of the current phenomena of science than materialism.

Sir Alister concludes his survey with a plea for theology to be more natural and with a sketch of theology as an experimental faith. He quotes with approval Barbara Ward's dictum that if spiritual experiments are carried out under clinically pure conditions, the result is scientifically certain. The pure in heart shall see God. Maybe. But it might be wiser to claim only that a convincing natural theology can be constructed, not to claim that this theology will explain the whole choir of heaven and furniture of earth. If there is a God, there may well be room for revelation as well as for discovery.

In an interesting aside Sir Alister reveals that he is a Unitarian but "my heart is in the Church of England, with all its beauty and deep sense of holiness, but not my mind, which is repelled by its unreal dogmatic doctrines". In this connexion it is curious that a scientist who has gone to such pains to find out the beliefs of the Dinka and the Nuer should give an account of the resurrection of Christ which would be repudiated by any Anglican theologian. A minor complaint must be that the usefulness of so substantial a book will be greatly minimized by the triviality of its index.

## TEXTS AND SECTS

MIRCEA ELIADE: *From Primitives to Zen. A Thematic Sourcebook of the History of Religions*. 645pp. Collins. £3 10s.

Only somebody like Professor Eliaide could compile a satisfactory anthology of world religious texts. The literature is so vast in extent and so detailed in the many branches that even a specialist may despair of catching up with everything in his own field. There have been similar anthologies. Bibles of world religions, but nothing to equal this production in extent or reliability. The author found that there was no single work to which he could refer his students for reading some at least of the basic documents, arranged in themes and topics, and he spent five years collecting material to help both students and general readers to understand the religious life of ancient and non-western peoples. It can safely be said that this will become a standard textbook.

The title only vaguely indicates the range of subjects. It is admitted that the word "primitive" is misleading and should be "pre-literate" or "chic", and the book does not end with Zen but continues for another hundred pages and closes with a passage on the "essence of Islam", which may seem a better conclusion than atheistic Zen, according to the sympathies of the reader. In general, however, the procedure is to begin each section with passages from ancient writers or illiterate moderns, and progress to the later or literate religions. There are six chapters with sub-sections: Gods and Supernatural Beings, Myths of Creation and Origin, Man and the Sacred including Worship and Initiation, Death and Afterlife and Eschatology, Specialists of the Sacred from Medicine Men to Mystics and Founders of Religion, and finally sophisticated speculations on pessimism, tolerance, ultimate reality, the self and God.

Each section is composed of long quotations. Here are: the Hymn to Aten, the Hymn to Zeus, the Descent of Ishtar, the Epiphany of Krishna, the Noble Eightfold Path, the Call of Muhammad, the Platonic Myth of Er, Zarathustra's Summary of Doctrine, Halal on mystical union, Chuang Tzu on Tao, myths of the flood, techniques of yoga, and many other important texts and fascinating topics. Quotations are from modern

versions and many of them have useful notes on the people and dates mentioned and references to other sources. With his special concern for the due place to beliefs of illiterate peoples and opens with passages describing Australian, African, and American Indian divinities. It is good to see Africa taking its place at last in such an anthology there is only one reference to a West African people, the Ibo. Since so much has been written about West Africans, and they are a numerous, it is a pity that they are not mentioned of Yoruba or the Ashanti or Mende, and not a word of the Dugun whose mythology has been expounded by Marcel Griaud and his school. However, even Eliaide cannot include everything in his book. He continues with texts from Egypt, India and Japan, and he turns to classical Greece, Persia and Arabia, and it is valuable to have these passages together.

In the preface Professor Eliaide admits that a serious omission is the inclusion of the Bible. It is too bulky and it may be suggested that readers will have a Bible at hand. But without the Bible we are left with those of Islam in particular, but also Persian and Indian, hanging in mid air. Although it would be a delicate task to select comparable passages from the classical Christian writers yet it ought to be done, and it may be hoped that one as sympathetic as Professor Eliaide will yet do it.

The book is well printed and easy to read. References have been fully checked, but with the many names misprints are almost inevitable and a number have been noted which should be corrected in later editions. There is a good bibliography, but only one page of an Ethnic and Geographic cross-reference index, and it is a serious omission not to have a proper index of names and subjects. This should be remedied. But this is a splendid source-book of many basic religious texts, and absorbing hours can be spent reading it through or following themes in the religious speculations and intuitions of mankind.

## THEO-PSYCHO

FRANK LAKE: *Clinical Theology. A Theological and Psychological Approach to Clinical Pastoral Care*. Figures and Charts prepared by E. J. Swain. 1,282pp. Darton, Longman and Todd. £3.

JAMES HILLMAN: *Insane: Psychology and Religion*. 116pp. Hogarth and Stoughton. 21s.

Dr. Lake's enormous book attempts to relate theology and psychology in order to help the clergy in their work with Christians suffering from personality disorders. A relating activity of this kind runs into the difficulty of the need for an encyclopaedic knowledge of both fields and for a search for an integrating insight which will cover such knowledge. But this is an ideal. The size of this book would lead one to suppose that Dr. Lake had attempted this ideal. What he has done is to relate a partial theological view to a partial psychological orientation. The theology hovers between a "substitute-Redemption" theory and a concept of salvation which implies a "real" union with Christ, swooping down at times to attack moral theology seen as a sort of effort-ethic. The psychology is neo-Freudian based upon his experience of the use of LSD-25 in the therapy of neuroses. This leads him to postulate an infant in Christ which was free of traumatic experience and should have led him to a most Roman Catholic Mariology. However, he explains "Christ's uniquely normal psyche in terms of his relationship to the Father rather than to Mary."

Analysts will be interested in Dr. Lake's linking of the schizoid position to other personality disorders, but he will meet opposition from "medical" orientations, the position of which is characterized by such books as Mayer-Gross, Slater and Roth's *Clinical Psychiatry*. He argues that the schizoid position (in the first half of his life) as the extreme case of separation from the mother, of which other personality disorders are later developed stages, is a result of a "schizoid" position in the infant. But it is not clear how this is related to the "schizoid" position in the adult. The book should be able to supply its own theological correctives and it is aware of the need for supervision in his early years of experience as a clinical theologian, will be a great deal from the psychology. In terms of human tolerance at best, but effective counselling at most, the cleric should read the chapter on the hysterical woman. One could do worse with that Dr. Lake had written a shorter, less expensive, less ambitious and clearer book so that it could be seen for what it is: not so much a standard work as another useful volume, which has only a partial value in the growing field of pastoral counselling, although that value is real, and one for which the value should be grateful.

Dr. Hillman is a Jungian and therefore more allusive and elusive than Dr. Lake. But in a much smaller space he manages to interest and inform with equal perception. In doing so he adds valuable correctives to the phases in the other book. One sentence will evoke a whole world of thought. "Human problems are not something which people have, but something people are." He particularly wise on the problem of the counselling relationship as a theologian, of Dr. Robinson's Godology, and of the new movement here and of the new movement widely considered. A combination of the insight of this book and Dr. Lake's more schizoid position makes for better counselling when these books are read together and the exact delineation of the

## Fiction (continued)

CLAUDE SIMON: *Histoire*. 402pp. Paris: Éditions de Minuit. 20.05 fr.

For Claude Simon three human systems come closer than any other to describing things the way they really are: writing, bio-chemistry and economics. They are privileged because their values are ones of exchange, which means that they do not finally build an illusion of stability or permanence. There is no bio-chemistry in *Histoire* but there is an implicit equation between the activity of the writer and that of the merchant.

*Histoire* is introduced right at the start as an acacia tree, the first thing the narrator sees when he wakes up in the morning, a growth far too complex for the eye to absorb from close to, full of shifting areas of light and shadow. The episode indicates precisely what form the novel is going to take, because *Histoire* too is created by the interplay between the eye of the present and the impossible communications of the past. As the narrator moves through a single day his direct perceptions constantly stimulate temporary withdrawals into his past, but the *Histoire* which results is fragmentary and of no final validity, since the proportion of light

## LIVING IN THE PAST

to shadow is clearly not a purely personal one. In Claude Simon the function of the memory is to betray obsessions and thus to create myths, or fictions.

This novel then is a relentless sequence of mental images, a lot of them static, others set into doubtful motion. It is for the reader to decide what these images mean to the mind experiencing them, by concentrating above all on the moments when one image gives way to another. The past which flows in and out of the present in *Histoire* is partly familiar from Claude Simon's other mature novels; there is Flanders in 1940, Barcelona during the Civil War, a bourgeois family in a provincial town in south-west France, and so on. But the crucial experience in the narrator's apparently commonplace day results from the bewildering intersection of all these influences, and embodies the lesson which M. Simon has never tired of teaching. This lesson is partly a passive one of resignation to the inexorable passage of time, and partly a more positive one of

actual cooperation with the forces of dissolution themselves. Thus when the narrator sells a chest of drawers from the old family home where he now lives alone he is engaged in a very significant act of exchange, since he is giving up the wood, the material reality of experience, for its fiduciary equivalent in paper. The bank-notes belong to an inferior order of substance and are therefore just like the words which the writer must use as an inferior substitute for the experience they describe. This notion of a progressive and unavoidable entropy in each act of representation is quite central to Claude Simon's philosophy.

The fact that *Histoire* proceeds with very few formal interruptions in the way of punctuation does not make it a hard or even a tiring book to read. Claude Simon would like us all, as condemned men, to attend to reality with the same desperate attention as he does himself, and the representation of it which he passes on is sufficiently rich and detailed to make him the most persuasive of materialist writers.

## OTHER NEW NOVELS

HAL BENNETT: *A Wilderness of Vines*. 345pp. Cape. 25s.

The opening pages of Hal Bennett's *A Wilderness of Vines* are brilliantly mordant. In a deadpan prose Mr. Bennett seildly presents us with a county home for coloured orphans in Burnside, Virginia, in 1920. The home, like Burnside itself, presents an Alice Through the Looking Glass version of racial discrimination. "High yaller" means white; black skin means "nigger black". Discrimination within Burnside's all-black enclave is more rigid than without—with the added grotesquerie of the "high yellers", whose status is based on the fact that they had been house-servants as well as slaves for their post-Bellum masters. Unfortunately, the power of these opening pages is dissipated by the rest of the book, which is relatively sentimental. In the end, "high yaller" is white and "nigger black" is black and good and true. It is a great pity that Mr. Bennett was unable to sustain his "cool".

Mr. Bennett's theme is important and he argues it with sincerity and intelligence. But his characters, though he pushes them around energetically, remain inert.

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stricken island off the mainland, is grim and toilsome. But he has brains enough to seize opportunities and laboriously collects together a little capitol. Wrapping this in greased canvas, he swims across to the mainland and makes his way towards the more prosperous north. Here he joins the Communists and during the war years his ability to be ruthless and decisive brings him power and influence among the Partisans. At the end of long and devious postwar political manoeuvrings he emerges in complete control, only to destroy his prospects and himself because in the process honesty and integrity have been irretrievably impaired.

Mr. Bennett's theme is important and he argues it with sincerity and intelligence. But his characters, though he pushes them around energetically, remain inert.

EVAN HUNTER: *The Paper Dragon*. 596pp. Constable. 35s.

*The Paper Dragon*, by the author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, is solidly constructed, thoroughly researched, and eminently readable. Arthur Constantine, a movie writer and director, is convinced that his play, *The Catchpole*, rejected out of hand by the critics in 1947, has been used as the basis for *The Paper Dragon*, a highly successful novel and film. He stands to gain a large share of the ten million dollars grossed by the film company, and by James Driscoll, his fellow writer. Mr. Hunter again uses New York as a setting, and the courtroom provides a good springboard from which he can leap into the private lives and childhood memories of everyone involved, plaintiff, defendant, lawyers, girl friends, wives, everyone, in fact, except the judge, who, as is proper, is a blank justice. Despite a taste for sexual hyperactivity and symmetrical plotting, Mr. Hunter's attention to detail and locale, and much of his characterization, involve the reader in his drama. *The Paper Dragon* has a wry final twist.

Mr. Hunter's attention to detail and locale, and much of his characterization, involve the reader in his drama. *The Paper Dragon* has a wry final twist.

While he is in the world of Catholic Irish-American politics Mr. O'Connor is moderately impressive. Jimmy Kinsella, a wonderfully drawn wild millionaire, steers his sons into politics. One makes the State Governor, the other helps him get there. Ideals run high, but the Governor yields to political ambition and to compromise. The brother withdraws his support and there develops a family feud of desperate bitterness. The last forty pages in which this reaches its unimagined climax could not easily be bettered and the background of complacent, ineradicable corruption has some excellent picturesque moments.

Where the novel fails is in its pharisaic Cautin Jack, for he too must

have a history. Childhood memories apart, he emerges a pretty dull dog who tends to erupt into endless, rather banal reflections. These, though hardly assimilated into the main stream of the book, do have the effect of weakening its total impetus.

EDWARD STEWART: *Orpheus on Top*. 318pp. André Deutsch. 30s.

*Orpheus on Top* traces the rise of Alex Underland, from deserted childhood with tough, mean Aunt Jo to student fame with "I Didn't Know Anyone In Your House So Why Pussify Did You Ask Me In Out Of The Rain?" The play was written in twenty-five minutes after he had been told to get more "rounded". His real ambition is to be a doctor—his aim, however, crumbles under the impact of his marriage to Bea, who turns out to be over-sexed and alcoholic. In the long central part of the book Alex flies to some imaginary North African (or Turkish?) state and goes downhill. When he returns, conscience and ideals finally die, he is ready to become the millionaire chief of one of the largest entertainment agencies in the world.

Mr. Stewart's characters may sometimes verge on caricature, but they are sharply drawn; and he is particularly good at rapid deterioration. Fat, self-pitying Zolpi, his old room-mate, later quivering drunk, would-be film maker, Clara Tuckenswooper, brown, healthy, bisexual, vampire. And the Conessa, whom Alex serves as gigolo in order to raise money for an abortion, even manages to disintegrate from a condition of one eye, one leg, no hair, teeth or eyebrows, into something infinitely worse.

LEON WHITSON: *Nora Eckdorf*. 207pp. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

*Nora Eckdorf* is a remarkably violent novel set in Rhodesia. Perhaps more remarkable, it avoids any direct involvement with either Rhodesian politics or the politics of discrimination. Instead it centres on the psychological disintegration of the heroine, a middle-aged Jewish woman whose father had left London for Africa when she was still a child. The novel is almost wholly enclosed by her Rhodesian Jewish community. Nora, living alone in the huge house she inherited from her avuncular father, is altogether alienated. As the action develops her relationship with her son becomes more and more oppressive, as does her platonic affair with the local cantor. Mr. Whitson concludes his novel with Nora's agonized Freudian ramblings. These final scenes, set in a mental institution and in the wild, are less convincing than the episodes in which Nora Eckdorf's dissociated personality makes one of its rare raids on society. A strikingly powerful first novel.

## HOT HEART

MULTATULI: *Max Havelaar or The Coffee Auctions of the Dutch Trading Co.* Introduction by D. H. Lawrence. Translated by Roy Edwards. 337pp. Heinemann. £2 2s.

Max Havelaar is often spoken of as the nineteenth-century Dutch novel. It was astonishingly early—1860: there had been nothing like it in European literature and, though *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Heart of Darkness* share its honourable vogue, we hear no comparable voice in English before D. H. Lawrence.

In a somewhat perverse introduction to the last English version (1927) Lawrence applauded Multatuli's passionate vitality—well conveyed by this vigorous translation—his hatred of trimming bureaucracy and his intuitive understanding of the native. Lawrence could in these respects and in his outcast prophet's role feel kinship with the author, Eduard Douwes Dekker, who resigned from the East Indian Civil Service when his greatest effort to shoulder the weightiest item in the colonial official's "burden"—met with cold obstruction, then dashed off this furious book in denunciation and self-exculpation: "We don't care," Lawrence ironically comments, "for poor but noble characters who are aware that they have suffered much. There is too much self-awareness." As with Lawrence himself, Multatuli's mingled self-approval and self-criticism (Havelaar knows that "they" say, "He is kindhearted... but he makes a show of it!") arouse an equivocal response; both are Saviour Mundi figures, admirable and infuriating by turns, often right, too often insistent upon their claims to exceptional insight.

Max Havelaar is a thinly fictionalized narrative of what happened when, after skirmishing with authority throughout his seventeen years' service, Assistant Resident Dekker took the "captives" part once too often and was rewarded with the uncompromising idealist's inevitable martyrdom. Stylistically, so subjective a book is liable, as Dekker freely conceded, to be a "hotch-potch", but the satirical play with the bourgeois coffee broker Droogstoppel ("Dry stubble") as a chorus representing "Truth and Common Sense" brilliantly sets off the theme, while the dramatization of the relations between the native rulers and the Dutch officials in the early chapters is worth volumes of history. As the book progresses, however, the place and the people become shadowy and the self-defensive.

Induced?

Published on June 1st

# DESMOND STEWART

## ORPHAN WITH A HOOP

### THE LIFE OF EMILE BUSTANI

Traditional Arab society has long exemplified virtues pre-empted by, for example, T. E. Lawrence, but these have far less relevance in a modern world where power goes to the technically alert. Born into a poor Christian Arab family in 1907, orphaned at the age of nine, Emile Bustani rose by sheer determination to become one of the richest men in the Middle East. Combining the skills of a scientist trained at M.I.T. with the ideals of a true industrial philanthropist, he used the fortune he acquired to revitalize Lebanon, and had he not been killed so tragically in 1963, it is likely that he would have been President. Mr. Stewart renders him a modern hero, in an anti-heroic age—far only from a hero does so much inspiration and significance survive. With 12 pages of plates. 60s

Chapman &amp; Hall

## BOOK COLLECTORS' FAIR

June 13-17

On pages 519 and 520 we publish an advertisement featuring the Book Collectors' Fair. It is hoped to review the Fair in the next week's issue of the *Supplement*.

For details of the Fair, see the advertisement on page 519.

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